

The Lexington Gazette

VOLUME 101, NUMBER 5

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY, 1, 1905

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Fraternal Orders.

Rockbridge Lodge, No. 58, I. O. O. F. meets every Thursday night, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Lexington Lodge, No. 66, K. of P. meets every Tuesday night, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Liberty Lodge, No. 2, Daughters of Rebekah, meets every Monday night, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Mountain City Lodge, No. 87, Ancient York Masons meets 1st and 3rd Monday nights at Masonic Hall.

Natural Bridge Council, No. 1920 Royal Arcanum, meets 1st and 3rd Friday nights in each month, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Lee Jackson Council, No. 82, Junior Order American Mechanics, meets every 2nd and 4th Friday night at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Professional Cards

GREENLEE D. LETCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LEXINGTON, VA. Notary Public

PAUL M. PENICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA. Notary Public.

J. PRESTON MOORE, FRANK MOORE, Late Clerk Co. Court, Notary Public

MOORE & MOORE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, LEXINGTON, VA. Phone No. 12.

DR. JOHN H. HARTMAN, Dentist, Offices on Main Street, Lexington, Va. Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 2 p. m., 4 to 6 p. m. Phone No. 8.

DR. LOUIS K. WALZ, DENTIST, Crown and Bridge Work a specialty. Opp. Postoffice, LEXINGTON, VA. Phone 74.

FRANK T. GLASGOW, HUGH A. WHITE, GLASGOW & WHITE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Lexington, Va. ja 4-05

SAMUEL B. WALKER, JR., REAL ESTATE, Rental and Insurance Agent, LEXINGTON, VA.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Investments and Protection. secure a Policy at once. T. S. BURWELL, Agent, Lexington, Va.

If YOU Want a Bond WE will furnish it. Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland. T. S. BURWELL Agent, Lexington, Va.

INSURANCE R. R. Witt Co. GENERAL Fire Insurance

Represent Old Line Companies

M. J. HESS, JEWELER AND OPTICIAN, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

Have been in the Jewelry business for 27 years, and for the last fifteen years I have been in business in Lexington. The experience that I have had teaches me to know that you can be supplied with suitable Christmas gifts, such as are suitable to buy and give.

I have a large line of tasty goods, and I ask you to call and give them a look, and am sure that you will be pleased with them and buy.

It will cost you nothing to look at them. Come soon, for they are not going to last long.

M. J. HESS, Opposite Presbyterian Church.

R. S. Anderson

I wish to call attention to my Staple Line of Every-Day-in-the-Year Goods, such as a complete line of

COOK STOVES AND RANGES running in price from Seven to Sixty Dollars. Also a full line of Crockery from the cheapest to the best

FRENCH CHINA

Tinware, Woodenware, in fact everything in house furnishings. I have determined to put in some cheaper lines and will be able to supply any demand. Call and see us.

R. S. Anderson

WEINBERGS

FUR, AT

ONE-HALF PRICE

Cloaks, Skirts and Suits at less than cost. Big Bargains in

MILLINERY

Weinbergs,

Oppo. Post Office Lexington, Va.

Moses Brothers

Lexington Roller Mills and Wood-Working Factory.

Manufacturers of

High Grade Roller Patent Flour

Shipstuffs, Bran, Corn Meal and Mill Feed.

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Frames, Mantels

Brackets, Moulding, Casings, Stairways, Turned Work, Siding, Ceiling, Flooring, Laths, Rough and Dressed Lumber of Every Description.

Highest Market Prices Paid for Grain.

Correspondence solicited for prices on Building Material and estimates given. Custom Work a Specialty. Address or call on

Phone 149. MOSES BROS., Lexington, Va.

Mill and Factory at the River.

Bargains Bargains

Closing Out Sale

In order to make a change in our business by the 1st of March, 1905, commencing on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1904

We will sell our entire Stock of Goods at Cost, consisting of Ladies' Dress Goods, Wash Goods in Lawns, Calicoes, Gingham

Pereales, White Goods, Brown and Bleached Cottons, Flannellets and Outings, Men's and Ladies' Gloves.

Corsets. Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear. Notions of all Kinds

Men's, Ladies' and Children's Shoes, Hats and Shirts, Men's and Boys' Clothing, Men's and Boys' Overalls. Bed Comforts, Blankets, and White and Colored Counterpanes, Lace Curtains, Towels and Sheets, Trunks and Bags, and many articles too numerous to mention. Come early and get your choice, for we have a large and select line of good to choose from.

Yours Truly,

C. A. LACY & SON.

STOVES! STOVES!

HERE IS THE PLACE TO GET YOUR Cooking and Heating Stoves AND FIXTURES AT THE RIGHT PRICE.

Can Save You Money on FODDER TWINE.

Splendid stock of RUGGIES and SPRING WAGONS, WAGON AND BUGGY HARNESS. Get my prices before buying and I be convinced that I mean just what I say.

Drill Points, Tutes and offer Repairs for all the Drill

W. F. PIERSON

OLD STAND, Corner Main and ...

NOTICE!

Owing to the great popularity and the increasing demand for our

Patent Process Fertilizer Lime,

The PEERLESS PREPARED AGRICULTURAL LIME,

We have increased our Manufacturing Facilities, thereby reducing Cost of Production, and have decided to give our Customers this advantage. We therefore name \$10.00 per ton, packed in 50 pound sacks, F. O. B. Lexington, Va., for 1905 business.

Send for Booklet with fresh, up-to-date Testimonials.

Rockbridge Lime & Stone Co.

LEXINGTON, VA.

DR. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP

Has been used by Mothers, recommended by Nurses, and prescribed by Doctors for years. Undoubtedly it is the finest baby medicine for Colic, Croup, Diarrhoea, Sour Stomach, Cholera Infantum and other ailments that cause fretfulness, crying at night and sickness. Use it once and you will always use it. You can depend on it. 25c. at drug stores. Write to Dr. D. Fahrney & Son, Hagerstown, Md., (be sure to mention this paper) and ask for a TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

GEMS IN VERSE

The idyll. Has he wrought well? I know not—nay, I know

Things without number that he leaves undone: The things that vex the little people so

Who, blinded by the sun, Walk ever in vast meditation Upon the many notes the sunbeams throw.

But he lives certain things. He has a way Of gleaming wonder. When a little wing

Beats by he listens. He can chant the day To rhythms of the dusk, and dim things

To him when no one knows their waking. Has he wrought ill? I know not who shall say.

—Zona Gale in Everybody's Magazine.

His Ideal Woman

The first thing I did on getting back from India was to spend a week with my people in the country.

A good deal can happen in five years, and we naturally had plenty to talk about. But I tore myself away at last with a promise to return for August and settle myself in town in my old lodgings off St. James street.

Apart from the various business matters requiring my attention—my investments had not improved during my absence, and it was necessary to cast my eye about for other securities—London at the moment appealed to me irresistibly.

There within the four mile radius was massed the whole of what I had missed during my five years in a remote station in Burma—the life, the motion, the perpetual sense of something going on, of being in close proximity, if not in absolute contact, with the source of current

modes of thought, of hearing the ceaseless hum of the wheels of civilization, the throbbing of actuality, of which not even the echoes had penetrated to the squat white bungalow on the banks of the Irrawadi, where the monotony had not been varied by even so much as a moment's fighting, and one made up for saving one's intellectual by overfeeding one's physical instincts.

Once in town I found myself plunged into a vortex of amusement. There were old friends to be "looked up." When "looked up," they insisted on dinner, to be followed by a theater or music hall. Some of the men I had "done the town" with five years before had got married. I had to make the acquaintance of their wives. Others who had been married had been divorced. I had to forget that they had ever been married.

One way and another I was so busy that it was not till the end of a month that I remembered that I had not seen Wetherby. He had always been "one of us" in the old days at Oxford and elsewhere, prepared for anything and everything, and I could not make out how it was that I had not already come across him.

"Oh, Wetherby," said Benson, the stockbroker, when I asked him what had happened to our old friend, "we never see Wetherby now. He is supposed to be in love. For myself, I believe he was just going to marry a girl, and she died, with the result that he has been brooding over her death ever since.

"Anyway, no one ever seems to see him anywhere, though he's still got the same old rooms in the temple. Go and look him up by all means, but I don't suppose you'll be able to see him, or, if you do, to get anything out of him. As I say, he never seems to go out anywhere, though, as you know he used to be such a great ladies' man."

"With strong views as to the ideal woman," I put in, remembering various conversations we had had on the subject.

"Yes," assented Benson, "he was always great on the woman question, talking about 'the perfect type' and all that sort of hosh. He always was a bit of a dreamer."

"Perhaps," I said maliciously, "that may account for his never being seen now. He may have found this type and be keeping her to himself."

"Perhaps," said Benson. "However, you go and see him. You and he used to be such terrific pals you may be able to get more out of him than we other fellows have been able to do."

"Well, I'll go anyway," I said. I went down to the temple that very night. My loud knock on the outer door of his chambers brought Wetherby himself to open it. It struck me that he looked half confused, half annoyed, as if I had surprised him at a moment when he was occupied with other matters and resented intrusion. I wondered whether, after all, the "perfect type" theory was right.

I put my suspicion aside, however, when, recognizing me at last in the semiobscurity of the staircase, he seized my hand and shook it warmly. "My dear fellow," he said, "I am delighted to see you. When did you get back?" He overwhelmed me with questions as I followed inside and pulled a chair up to the open window facing his own. For an hour we sat talking over old times and smoking. The conversation, reminiscent, as for the most part it was, enabled me to see that in some respects he was changed from the man I had seen five years before. He spoke more deliberately—

—slower. As Benson had remarked,

he had always had a tendency to dream. The tendency seemed accentuated. At times he was silent for a minute together, pulling meditatively at his pipe. At last I could not help questioning him even at the risk of giving offense. "Benson says," I remarked, "that you are quite different from what you used to be. You never go out anywhere. What is it? You remember our talking about the 'perfect type.' You have not found her? You are not in love?"

He was silent a moment, puffing out huge clouds of smoke. Then "Look here, old fellow," he said. "I don't know why I should not tell you. These other fellows could not understand if I did tell them."

"I am afraid you are crediting me with more intelligence than I possess," I said. "If what you propose to tell me would pass Benson's understanding I am afraid it would also pass mine."

"You underrate yourself. Besides, after all, it is quite simple. Only Benson is such a material person. The Stock Exchange has made him worse. Anyway, I am going to tell you."

"Yes?" I said invitingly. "You remember," he said, settling himself back in his chair, "I had always my own views about women."

"You expected a great deal," I said. "Well," he went on, not heeding the interruption, "you know I can well afford to marry. If I had found the woman I wanted, I could not find her, much as I sought. The clever woman had no beauty, the beautiful woman had no brains, or, where the combination did exist, the woman was already married or had some equally prohibitive defect."

"You sought for what did not exist," I said. "There is no ideal woman, as their is no ideal man."

"Not in your sense," he said. "Certainly not in the sense of a man like Benson, if he can conceive the possibility of an ideal woman at all, or an ideal anything."

"And in yours?" he said. "He rose from his chair and, going to a long drawer in a cabinet, took out from it an armful of photographs—there must, I should think, have been some fifty—there in all. "Just look through these," he said.

I did so, wondering. Every type of female face and female beauty was there represented, from the English and American woman to the French and Austrian, from the creole to the Caucasian, from the daughter of the people to the daughter of the peer. Some of the faces might well have been those of saints; others were indubitably those of sinners. Barmaids jostled against Sisters of Mercy. Actresses followed on the princesses of the blood royal. Some of the faces were too utilitarianly clever to approach physical beauty. Others, again, proclaimed the triumph of body over soul.

"Well," I said at length, still more astonished. "He spread out the photos on the table before him, eying them lovingly, fondling them as a man fondles the woman who is to be his wife."

"There," he said, pointing to the rows of faces before him, "you have a perfect type. I tried to find it existing in one woman. You were right. It was impossible, but I have got it there."

"Yes," I said, smiling at his intensity, "but these are only mere photographs. The essence of them constitutes the perfect type of womanhood, no doubt, but these things are not alive. They are mere counterfeit presentments. You are not a nineteenth century Pygmalion. You cannot make mere photographs live."

"Perhaps not," he said. "At least, who can tell? I know that when I gaze long on these faces I conjure up from their various characteristics the perfect type of woman and can never care for any one else—I mean any woman. This face I have erected represents to me the supreme essence of feminine loveliness, the one woman for whom a man should be glad to die, for whom I would die, did she require me, this very minute. People tell you I never go out anywhere. How can I when this splendid beauty smiles before me at home? I tell you I never lived till I knew her, and now I cannot live with her. To me she is the one woman in this world or the next. Indeed not the one woman, but woman herself."

I left Wetherby's chambers half an hour later wondering if my old friend was going mad. As I turned to close the door behind me I saw him suddenly bend down over the table and, sweeping the photographs together into his arms, cover them with a rain of passionate kisses.

NO PICTURES OF POTITIES.

Mr. Phizidore Tarara (after his song)—I must beg of you to excuse my voice, Lady Jasmine, but I really ought not to be singing at all. Indeed I have a doctor's certificate with me to say that I cannot sing.

Hostess (gushing over with sweetness)—I'm sure a doctor's certificate was not in the least necessary, Mr. Tarara!—Judy.

Should Have Been Spoiled.

Father—Cooking schools are of some use after all. This cake is delicious.

Daughter—Is it? I thought it would be a terrible failure.

Why?

"I told the cook exactly how to make it, and she went and made it some other way."

The Shopper.

Friend (noticing the confused heap of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the shop)—Hello! What's happened? Been taking an inventory, had a fire or are you going to move out?

Merchant—That shows how little you know about shopkeeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.

A LAWYER'S RUSE.

The Way the Phoenix Park Conspirators Were Trapped.

In the beginning of the prosecutions of the Phoenix park gang the Irish government brought forward a charge of simple conspiracy. They suspected the real facts, but had no evidence. Mr. Murphy (afterward the judge), who was counsel for the prosecution, hit upon a daring method of securing what he wanted.

In applying to the magistrate for a remand to a certain date, he added, putting as much significance as he could into his words, "By which time, your worship, I have little doubt that I shall have evidence which no one can gainsay of the participation of the prisoners in a much more serious crime."

At this the prisoners in the dock turned to each other in distrust, but each declared in whispers that he had said nothing. However, no sooner was he in his cell than Curley, one of the accused, told a warder that he wanted to speak to Mr. Murphy, the solicitor for the prosecution.

The solicitor at once went to Mr. Murphy, who observed that Curley would not make a good witness. The object, above all, was to get Carey if possible to turn informer. He was the ablest man of the batch and knew more than all the others put together. Whereupon the following plan was devised:

Carey's cell door was left open, and the warder and the solicitor (the latter well known to Carey) stopped there, and, the solicitor stepping partly in, the warder exclaimed:

"No, Mr. —, that is not Curley's cell. It is two doors further on."

Carey sprang up and burst out: "What's that? Are you going to see Curley?"

"I am," said the solicitor. "He has sent for me."

"Oh, that's his game, is it?" said Carey excitedly. "You stop here, Mr. —. I know a great deal more than he does. I can tell you everything."

Thereupon the solicitor observed that if Carey's evidence was accepted it must be on the condition that he did not assist with his own hand in the murder and that he must tell no lies.

"If," said Mr. —, "we detect you in any false statement, we shall at once put you in the dock."

Carey agreed, and then followed the revelations which startled the whole kingdom. Curley never saw the solicitor, and so he was speaking the truth as to the letter when he denied that he ever confessed. Carey was equally speaking the truth when he said, with a laugh, as he passed the dock in which Curley was hooting him:

"I was beforehand with you, Dan, wasn't I?"—London Tit-Bits.

A Defective Memory.

Mrs. Ferguson had just returned from an entertainment and was in ecstasies over a young woman elocutionist who had taken part in it.

"She had on a trained gown of dark purple velvet," she said, "with bodice trimmed in deep eucalypt collar of real Irish lace and lace cuffs. She wore her hair pompadour and had a diamond cluster at her throat."

"What did she recite?" asked Mr. Ferguson.

"Something about a little girl whose mother lost her in the park or somewhere. I've forgotten the name of it. You know well enough what a wretched memory I have. But it was awfully pathetic. What are you grinning about, I'd like to know?"—Chicago Tribune.

Partners in Misery.

"Have you got anything for a hungry man to eat?" inquired the unwashed tourist in the frazzled trousers plaintively.

"I don't know, my friend," answered the man of the house, who was reading his morning paper on the back porch. "I called the girl forty minutes ago, and she hasn't got down yet. I don't believe it will pay you to wait to find out. You don't have to wait, and I do. Good morning. Don't step on the cat as you go."

He Wished the Earth Well.

An Evanston boy was saying his prayers the other night. He had got along to "thy kingdom come, thy will be done," when he hesitated. "Well," his mother said, "go on—Thy will be done." "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Evanston," he continued. It should be said in justice to him that the boy was born in Evanston and has never lived anywhere else.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Boat Cleaning as a Hobby.

An extraordinary hobby is that of a gentleman living in one of London's suburbs. It takes the form of boat cleaning. Every member of his household is subject to his whim. Even the servants are not exempt. Nor does his eccentricity stop with the wielding of the blacking brush, since for polishing each pair of boots he exacts a penny payment. These pence are, however, put aside, to be returned, largely augmented, to the givers at Christmas.

The Shopper.

Friend (noticing the confused heap of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the shop)—Hello! What's happened? Been taking an inventory, had a fire or are you going to move out?

Merchant—That shows how little you know about shopkeeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.

EDUCATIONAL CAMPAIGN

This Year Will Witness Great Revival of Interest

All signs indicate that we are to have in Virginia this year the most vigorous educational campaign ever known in the Commonwealth. It is agreed on all hands that the condition of the schools in the country districts is unsatisfactory; in fact, is deplorably bad. The facilities furnished are inadequate to the wants of the pupils. The schools are too numerous, the attendance too slim, the term too short, and the teacher poorly paid. Under such conditions, popular interest in education languishes, and thousands of children are growing up without attending school.

We quote the following from the Richmond News Leader:

Dealing with whites alone, we have in Virginia 420,000 boys and girls of school age, and but 258,000 of them are enrolled in the public schools, while the average daily attendance is but 156,000. The negroes use what opportunities the State offers them for education to better advantage than the whites, for while the official reports show a total seating capacity in public schools for white children of 305,000, the white enrollment is but 258,000. On the other hand, the negroes, with a seating capacity of 108,000, have an enrollment of 123,000. The plain facts are that a little over one-fourth of the white children of school age in Virginia attend the public schools, and if the full seating capacity was used there would yet remain more than 100,000 of the next generation of Virginia men and women unprovided for.

These are startling facts, well calculated to arrest the attention and excite the serious apprehension of every thoughtful Virginia patriot. How can Virginia keep up in the march of progress handicapped with such a mass of illiteracy? It is a fact, beyond controversy, that the earning capacity of a laboring population is in proportion to its intelligence. Dr. Dabney has demonstrated this by contrasting the per capita wages earned in Massachusetts and Tennessee.

The time has come for action. The evil has existed too long already. It is significant that both of the candidates for Governor who have announced themselves lay great stress on the importance of improving our public school system. It is equally significant that the Co-operative Educational Commission has determined to inaugurate a vigorous campaign next May for the improvement of the public schools in the rural districts. The purpose is to arouse the people themselves as the first step towards improvement.

We quote again from the News Leader:

The idea the Co-operative Educational Commission will labor to impress on the people is that of concentration. It is proposed to abolish the shabby and disgraceful little schoolhouses scattered in neighborhoods and dribbling out feeble particles of education to small groups of children a few weeks at a time, and to establish real schools, creditable and comfortable buildings and good equipments, graded and with the work in each divided among several teachers, so that the children attending may have some opportunity to be thoroughly and systematically taught. Those who know the facts and figures say that this concentration can be so arranged that a decent and well-conducted school can be placed within two miles and a half of every family in the State. This plan can be executed only by the hearty co-operation of the people themselves. To secure this, meetings will be held in May in every county of the State, attractive and well informed speakers will be enlisted and at least two of them will talk at each. The campaign will be made with all the earnestness and zeal of a political fight. The members of the commission are deeply impressed with the danger and disgrace of conditions.—Lynchburg News.

Evil Year to Baptists

Nineteen hundred and five bids fair to be a great year for Baptist meetings. The Southern Convention is to meet in Kansas City, and a few days thereafter the Northern Baptist anniversary are to be held in St. Louis. Between these dates, and probably in St. Louis, an attempt will be made to organize a convention of American Baptists. There is every reason to believe that the effort will be successful, and that we shall have some body in which the representatives of the Baptists of this continent may meet, say, once in every three years.

Meanwhile, the Baptist World's conference, which is to be held in Exeter Hall, London, in the early part of July, is attracting more attention, and really looks now as if there will be a large delegation. It pleases us to learn that a goodly number of Virginia ministers and laymen, and of "elect women" not a few, are expecting to go, and we hope the company of pilgrims from all this region will be large.—Religious Herald.

CONDENSED NEWS

Brief Items of Interest for the Busy Reader

An effort will be made to close the saloons at Manassas, Va.

It is stated in Washington that the whisky trust is trying to accomplish the defeat of the pure food bill in the Senate.

Hon. William J. Bryan and Judge Alton B. Parker conferred in New York last week in reference to the prospects of the Democratic party.

George T. Marshall, great-grandson of Chief Justice Marshall, had his skull fractured by being thrown from his horse in Orange, a few days ago.

Nearly the entire army of the Sultan of Morocco has deserted him and gone over to his brother. A French cruiser has arrived at Tangier with the French embassy.

The Russian War Office denies that any of the soldiers refused to obey orders to fire on the crowds, and the officials say they have the utmost confidence in the loyalty of the troops.

The system of waterworks for Strasburg has been completed and the work of tapping has commenced. The reservoir has an elevation of 355 feet and will hold over 1,000,000 gallons.

The Norfolk and Western Railway Company has awarded a contract for the erection of a new office building at Roanoke to cost \$112,000. This is to be a duplicate of the present building, and will be located on an adjoining lot.

L. Kuber, one of the few Chinese men who served in the Civil War, died at the Soldier's Home Hospital at Hampton last week. He was 62 years old and was the only Celestial in the Soldier's Home. He served in Company F, Sixty-fourth New York Infantry, and had a good record.

An explanation has been found of the appearance of oil in a well in Fulton. It has been discovered that the oil tank of a grocer, whose store is with a few feet of the well, has been leaking for some weeks unknown to the grocer, and flowing into the well in question. The owner of the well has abandoned his dreams of wealth.

Rev. Dr. G. D. Pinckney, pastor of the Leigh Street Methodist church, colored, of Richmond, has assumed the mantle of the